TIT FOR TAT:

OR.

An *ANSWER* to the *Dublin Ballad.*

COME liſten, good People, and I will relate,
How the Whigs *by their Faction, hath caus'd ſuch debate*;
And flown in the Face of the Queen, and the State:
Which no body can deny.

'Twas *they* firſt began to *Obſtruct the Affair*,
To prove *Right* and *Juſtice*, the leaſt of their Care;
They refus'd Honeſt *Conſtantine*, for their *Lord-Mayor*:
Which no body can deny.

They knew by the Cuſtom, it had been the *Uſe*,
The next *Senior Alderman* always to chuſe;
And likewiſe they knew that the Crown might refuſe:
Which no body, &c.

But this they *deny'd* with ſuch Spirit and Life,
As ſhew'd how intent they *were all upon Strife*;
So Him they refus'd for the ſake of his Wife:
Which no body, &c.

Then Alderman *Dumpling-head*, ſtrait they Elected,
Who ſoon was Preſented; And ſoon was Rejected;
Becauſe to the Church and the Queen, *diſaffected*:
Which no body, &c.

The Whiggiſh Electors began to Diſcover,
They'd not have a *TORY*; Becauſe he's a Lover
Of *the True Church of* England, *Q.* ANNE *and* Hanover:
Which no body, &c.

Brave *Ormond* accepted of Alderman *Gore*,
Altho' to Reject him, he had a full Pow'r;
Endeav'ring by Mildneſs, to *bring theſe* Whigs *over*:
Which no body, &c.

The F---l was ne'er *Brib'd*, our *Freedoms to Barter*,
So having no Tryal, he cou'd be no Martyr;
But they got *Ignoramus*, when we caught the *Tartar*:
Which no body, &c.

The next Year the City Choſe Alderman *Cooke*,
Who ſoon was Accepted, and brought to the Book;
And *bravely ſtands by*, what he well Undertook:
Which no body, &c.

Tho' with the Whig-Aldermen he's not in Requeſt,
All *Honeſt Men* think that he's one of the Beſt;
For he's a Clean Bird, that will leave a foul Neſt:
Which no body, &c.

How'er for to put the Diſpute out of doubt,
We've an *Honeſt Man* in, and we'll keep the *Knaves* ou
By their *own Contrivance*, they have brought it abou
Which no body, &c.

The Fat-headed Aldermen, who had been ſlighted,
Are vex'd to their Hearts, to ſee *Cooke* ſo Requited
For he had *the Thanks of the QUEEN*, and was Knighte
Which no body, &c.

We all know the May'r has a *Right to Name Three*,
One of which muſt ſucceed to the Mayoralty;
But being *All Honeſt*; none Elected cou'd be:
Which no body, &c

The *Whigs* then moſt proudly began for to Chatter
As thinking ſecurely they'd fix the whole Matter;
To Rule by themſelves without any *Dictator*:
Which no body, &c

But to their Surprize they have all loſt their Grou
And ev'ry Hope's gone, that their *Thoughts* did propou
For *Cooke* ſtill preſides, their Deſigns to Confound.
Which no body, &c

For ſince they refuſe to chuſe one of the Three,
That *Cooke* does propoſe, the next *May'r* to be,
The QUEEN does Reſolve, *They ſhall have none but*
Which no body, &c

Thus Spight of their Boaſting, they'll find only
The Knight is the Scourger, and the Rod it is his,
Yet when 'tis wore out, *there's another in Piß*:
Which no body, &c

This Project in ſomething the Matter Retrieves,
We have a *Lord-May'r*, tho' we loſt both the *Sh*
Being Brib'd to lay down, by *Debtors* and *Thieve*
Which no body, &c

Tho' the *Debtor* does laugh in the *Creditor*'s Face,
The Blame on the *Sheriffs*, you juſtly may place;
Who acted in *F----r*'s, but not in this Caſe:
Which no body, &c

Now God Save the *Queen*, our true Church's *Def*
And *Loyaler Subjects*, may Heaven ſoon ſend *Her*;
Who love neither *Whiggiſh* nor *Popiſh Pretender*.
Which no body can de

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